Horror of Glam Rock

(The opening bars of the song "Children Of Tomorrow" by Tim Sutton and Barnaby Edwards, played on the Stylophone with piano backing by Stephen Gately and Clare Buckfield (aka the Tomorrow Twins. TOMMY TOMORROW is a young Irishman.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: Will you come to us? I'm tuned in. Will it be tonight? Here?

(TARDIS control room, vibrations.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ooh ... Doctor ... I don't feel at all well.
THE DOCTOR: Hang on. Nearly through.
LUCIE MILLER: Ooh... I think I'm gonna be sick.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: I said, I think I'm gonna ... throw up!
(Silence.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, sorry about that. We just went through a little time eddy in the vortex.
LUCIE MILLER: Whatever it was, it's made me carsick. Or ... TARDIS-sick, or whatever. Where's my Ibuprofen?
THE DOCTOR: Why do I get the feeling your next words are going to be, "are we..."
LUCIE MILLER: Are we nearly there yet?
THE DOCTOR: Let's stop off en route for some fresh air and a bite to eat, shall we?
LUCIE MILLER: Finally. Some consideration for the passenger. Now, if only we had a radio.

(Radio hiss of static then "Children of Tomorrow" playing. Think David Bowie's early stuff.)
SONG: "Somewhere out in hyperspa-a-ace, exists a race without a fa-a-ace, the lonely ones who claim this place, the Only Ones. Somewhere deep inside your she-e-ell, exists a heaven and a he-e-ell, it's there these creatures like to dwell, the Only Ones. So if you're different and you don't fit i-i-in, if others say..."
(The song is played under the dialogue of the next scene which is set inside a moving car:)
SONG: "...your life's a sin, come join with us, and raise a cry to those gods up in the sky. I am human, I am a new man, I want to be free, come rescue me. And here is their reply - we are the children of tomorrow, we live on pain, we feed on sorrow, we exist inside the hollow in your soul. We are the children of tomorrow, where we go you dare not follow, try your best you cannot borrow what we stole."
ARNOLD KORNS: All the bands wind up here in the middle of the night, Trisha. If you sit in there long enough, you'll get to see all the stars there are. Best sausage and chips you'll ever get.
(ARNOLD KORNS has a London accent, faint Cockney.)
TRISHA TOMORROW: It just looks like a grotty old Motorway Services.
(TRISHA TOMORROW also sounds Irish.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah, but Trisha love, look at me. Who'd have thought I was the most dynamic and powerful manager in the biz.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Oh, I would, Arnold.
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah, all right love, not while I'm driving. Just you wake your brother up. Tell him we're getting out, stretch our legs.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Tommy? Come on, sweetheart. Tommy! I think he's in one of his trances, Arnold.
ARNOLD KORNS: Trances? I'll give him trances. Tell him to stir his-self - we're pulling in before this weather gets any more inclement. It's like the Call of the bleeding Wild out there.
(TOMMY TOMORROW wakes just as the song reaches the lyrics "you cannot borrow what we stole.")
TRISHA TOMORROW: Get your jacket on, Tommy. Wrap up.

(Car pulls in. Walking out.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Right, let's get inside, get ... some decent grub. Now, li... listen, listen, there's sausages in there, I tell you, they are...
(Car door closes.)
ARNOLD KORNS: ...to die for, they are wonderful. Well, you can only have one 'cause you're a little thing anyway.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Tommy, stop dawdling. Sausage and chips, remember. Cup of tea?

TOMMY TOMORROW: They're here, Trisha. They're already here, ahead of us.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Come on!
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh, it's a wonder bits aren't dropping off of me, it's that cold.
(Door creaks.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh - who is that fool in the top hat?
TRISHA TOMORROW: Funny outfit to wear hitchhiking.
ARNOLD KORNS: Come on, let's get you two inside. Brr! Anyway, tomorrow now...

(Drinking from bottle. Rock music playing. A MAN - Bendy Roger - sounding as though drunk.)
MAN: Just ... needed to get away, from the music business, from Pat, from everyone. I just ... wish ... I'd dress up warmer. Can't go back now. Pat'll think I'm daft. Rock 'n' roll isn't in your destiny, son. Not any more.
(Faint growl.)
MAN: ...Now you've broken up the band.
(Growl again.)
MAN: Yeah, yeah, yeah, I heard you the first time, you ... you ... monster, you.
(Growl.)
MAN: Oh, cripes.
(Attack by beast. Cry by MAN, and it sounds as if he is being eaten.)

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opens, car toots its horn as it zooms past.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hard shoulder. Good job the roads aren't that busy.
(Closing TARDIS door over. Cold-sounding howling wind and the sound of snow underfoot.)
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, you'd be mad to go out in this.
LUCIE MILLER: I've never seen snow like it. But now I have. Can we go?
THE DOCTOR: Look, there.
LUCIE MILLER: A café?
THE DOCTOR: A proper, old-style motorway services. Oh, you're gonna love this, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Old-style? Doctor, what year is this?
THE DOCTOR: It's Nineteen Seventy-Four. I bet they'll have those ketchup things in the shape of tomatoes.
LUCIE MILLER: Before I was born. Always looks a bit rubbish on the telly. Tacky. Why Nineteen Seventy-Four?
(Another car passes.)
THE DOCTOR: I was trying for *your* time. This is as close as I could get. As close as I'm allowed to get.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, this is the Dark Ages, Doctor. It's nowhere near where I come from. I bet it's down South too.
THE DOCTOR: You humans can be so parochial. Think about it, Lucie - Glam Rock. Bowie and Bolan and Eno. Electronic music is in its infancy.
LUCIE MILLER: Wow, right. I like a bit of handbag, don't you, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Not a great deal, no.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, you surprise me.
THE DOCTOR: And I don't like this either. There's something wrong. Look. Lights flickering in the services.
LUCIE MILLER: I can hardly s... Doctor, mind your feet! There's something...
(Walking stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh.
LUCIE MILLER: Someone.
THE DOCTOR: Nothing can be done for him, I don't think.
LUCIE MILLER: He's been ... savaged, and just left here ... oh, and look what he's wearing! I wouldn't be seen dead in...
THE DOCTOR: Have some respect, Lucie, the man's been torn to pieces.
LUCIE MILLER: All right. Don't go on about it. Who is ... was he?
THE DOCTOR: Glittery top hat, tinsel feather boa, stack-heeled boots and silver eye-shadow. That points to just one thing.
LUCIE MILLER: Tranny pile-up on the M Sixty-Two?
THE DOCTOR: It means I got the year right. It is Nineteen Seventy-Four, and this is Nadir Services, just outside Bramlington, and it's going to be a long night.
(Car drives past.)

PAT: I'm really sorry for coming in here and crying all over yer.
FLO: You wouldn't be the first, dear. I've seen it all, believe you me. Don't you worry, it's nice to be thought of as a person for a change. Most of them who stop here, they just want egg and chips. I could be a machine for all they care, slopping it out. Beans with it, love?
MAN: Uh? Oh, oh yeah, yeah.
(Dinner put out.)
PAT: You're a good listener, Flo.
FLO: Well, you get starved of human company here. Place is full of musicians. Careful, plate's hot. There's sauce on the tables.
MAN: Oh yeah. Thank you.
(Walking off.)
PAT: Who'd have thought I'd shed real tears over Bendy Roger.
FLO: Was that him who just stomped out?
PAT: Yeah. What you saw there was him breaking up the band, forever. Methylated Spirits is no longer a going concern. Well, it was a bit of a foregone conclusion once we lost Wendy, the singer in Bramlington. And the drummer. Or rather, used to be the drummer.
FLO: Pat, has he - just gone and left you here, then, this Bendy Rogers?
PAT: Story of my life. 'Ere, give us another egg.
(Put on plate.)
PAT: I've been kicked out of more bands than you've had ... Well, maybe not. I just thought, this time, me and Bendy and Wendy, we could make a go of it.
FLO: Do you know, I've seen a lot of dreams crash and burn just standing here, serving them dinners in the middle of the night - it breaks your heart.
PAT: You must have seen 'em all working 'ere.
FLO: Mm. Hendrix, Lulu, the Wombles. I don't think it does to have dreams, you know.
PAT: Really?
FLO: For every star you see, there's a lot of darkness and obscurity all around them.
PAT: What?
FLO: It's not everyone who makes it.
PAT: (laugh) I know that all right.
(Fizz of electrical interference.)
FLO: Now what - oh great. Power cut.
PAT: Hang on. I think they're coming back on.
(Fizz.)
FLO: Mostly, anyway.
PAT: Yeah but - for how long? We could be trapped out 'ere. No lights, no heating. I've not got any transport.
FLO: I have. I'm parked in the staff car park.
(Door opens.)
FLO: I'm finishing my shift soon, thank God.
PAT: Maybe I could...
FLO: Hang on. I'd better serve this lot.
(Creaking door opens. Speech in background of the new customers - ARNOLD KORNS to the others asking if they would order him a cup of tea.)
PAT: Oh. It's him.
FLO: Who?
PAT: Arnold Korns, the famous manager. He came to see my band once.
FLO: Oh, nice.
PAT: He hated us. Bendy Roger just about belted him.
(Walking over.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Are you still open? We saw the lights going funny, thought you might be closing down for the night.
FLO: We're always open. What'll it be?
ARNOLD KORNS: Well, my two young protégés and I will have the full English, please. Look around you, youngsters. This place is legendary. Look.
(Food being prepared.)
TRISHA TOMORROW: There's not many here. Just a few old roadies.
FLO: It's a rough night, my love. Here, oh - aren't you those Tomorrow People. What's your names now - no, wait a minute, don't tell me. Oh... (laughs.) Yes, that's it. Tommy and Trisha

Tomorrow.
ARNOLD KORNS: The very same. The rising young hopefuls of the pop world. Madam, it does my heart good to have my young stars recognised in public.
FLO: I've heard your song. Hoping to be in the Charts this Sunday, eh?
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh, not hoping to be. Going to be. Why, we're on their way to London this very night to record their first appearance on Top Of The Pops.
FLO: Wow! Oh, congratulations, that's marvellous! Have an extra banger.
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh, ta.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Do you hear that, Tommy? The lady recognised us. She knew who we are.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Did she. Marvellous.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Oh, come on, Tom. This isn't like you.
TOMMY TOMORROW: And what am I like, Trisha? I don't know any more.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Neither do I. But you give me the willies, sunshine, that's for sure.
ARNOLD KORNS: Now, now, my loves, come on. Let's sit over there by the radiator.
(Walking over.)

(Outside, door opened, going inside.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! At least we're out of that blizzard.
(Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: We've got to find whoever's in charge here.
LUCIE MILLER: What could have done that? Killed him like that.
THE DOCTOR: Something large. Looked like claw marks to me.
LUCIE MILLER: Some kind of escaped animal?
THE DOCTOR: Human animal or monster animal or animal animal. Don't know yet. Let's get some tea and ask the nice lady at the counter if we can talk to someone.
(Walking over.)
LUCIE MILLER: Eugh. Doesn't look too clean. I reckon this'd be shut down in my time...
THE DOCTOR: Shh! Hello there. I'm the Doctor and this is Lucie, and...
FLO: Sorry, love. End of my shift. I'm shutting up shop.
LUCIE MILLER: But we're gagging for a cuppa.
FLO: Dirty Linda'll be on at ten if she gets here through this snow. Me, I'm off. Pat? Do you want a lift, pet?
PAT: Sure thing, Flo.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tell them, Doctor. Go on, g...
(Door opens, closes over.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, great. Too late, they've gone.
THE DOCTOR: Ah well, the tea in these places is never quite right anyway. It's like having a mouthful of copper coins.
(Sound of telephone being tried.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, speaking of copper coins, this phone's kaput.
THE DOCTOR: Try them all. We've got to get the police.
(Phone lifted.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hello?
(ARNOLD KORNS clears his throat)
ARNOLD KORNS: Er, I ... I couldn't help overhearing...
LUCIE MILLER: Hello?
ARNOLD KORNS: ... your conversation. Arnold Korns, manager to the stars.
THE DOCTOR: The Doctor. I'm in the star business too, in a way.
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah, look, what's going on? What's all this about police?
(Walking back over.)
LUCIE MILLER: All the lines are dead, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Mm, thought they might be.
ARNOLD KORNS: What is all this palaver?
THE DOCTOR: Mr Korns, there's a corpse out there in the car park.
ARNOLD KORNS: What?
THE DOCTOR: The savaged body of a dead Glam rocker.
ARNOLD KORNS: A dead Glam rocker?
TRISHA TOMORROW: What's that?

ARNOLD KORNS: Er - keep your voice down, Trisha. Savaged, did you say?
TRISHA TOMORROW: Savaged? (Giggles.) You're having us on.
LUCIE MILLER: It's true. There's something out there. It just about ripped him apart.

(Walking outside in the snow.)
PAT: What did he want, that bloke with the girl?
FLO: A new image, if you ask me. He looked like some old hippy.
PAT: It's very good of you, Flo, to offer me a lift.
FLO: I'm glad of the company, to be honest. I wouldn't relish driving in this alone. It's bad enough when we...
(Suddenly they stop walking, growling sound.)
PAT: Shh! What was that?
FLO: What? I didn't hear anything. Oh, you're imagining it.
(Another growl.)
PAT: There!
FLO: Come on, let's get in the car.
(Growl.)
PAT: Oh my dear Aunt Fanny. What is that?
FLO: I don't know, and I don't wanna know. Now, run!
(Running, growling.)
FLO: This is my Mini here.
PAT: Hurry up!
FLO: Oh, damn. I dropped the keys under the car.
PAT: Hurry! Oh my God! They're coming straight at us.
FLO: Got them.
PAT: Too late. Let's get back inside before those things reach us.
FLO: Quick. Back way in. Follow me.
(Gasping amid growling.)
FLO: My Mini! My pride and joy!
PAT: Forget the car and worry about us. Where's this back door?
FLO: This way. Follow me.
(More savage growling from many beasts. Door opened.)
FLO: There's one right behind us.
PAT: Quick! Lock the door.
(Door closed. Bang against door, they gasp. Metal scraping noise.)
FLO: (whispered) Oh ... It's right ... it's right outside. Do you think it can smell us?
PAT: (whispered) Come on. We've got to tell the others. (Louder) Give me a hand with this freezer first.

(Stylophone tune.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: Are you still there? Are you listening to me?

THE DOCTOR: Right everyone, gather round please. I think we'd better make some plans.
TRISHA TOMORROW: I like your bloke. Commanding, isn't he?
LUCIE MILLER: He's not my bloke.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Yeah, right. I'm Trisha Tomorrow, by the way.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm Lucie. From the day after tomorrow.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Neat. Oh, and this is my brother, Tommy, in a trance.
ARNOLD KORNS: Who is he to take over, that bloke in all that velvet tat?
LUCIE MILLER: That's the Doctor. He always takes over.
TRISHA TOMORROW: It's her bloke.
LUCIE MILLER: No he's not!
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh I see, yeah.
THE DOCTOR: Listen, we've got a situation here, one of extreme danger to all of us. Now, I suggest we pool our resources. It looks as if we're going to be trapped here for a little while yet...
(Door burst open.)
PAT: We've seen them. Out there. Creatures in the snow.
THE DOCTOR: Creatures?
FLO: Bear things, with scales and tails. Horrible-looking.

THE DOCTOR: Right, you lot, let's get moving. Get all these tables stacked up and barricade the main doors.
(Fizz of electrical interference again.)
FLO: Lights are going again. That's all we need.
THE DOCTOR: Is the back secure?
FLO: Should be. We rammed the freezer cabinet right up against the door.
THE DOCTOR: Very resourceful. I'm impressed.
FLO: Oh.
THE DOCTOR: Right, we'll secure the main entrance here. Lucie, have a scout around, take someone with you. Check if there are any other ways in.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay, Doctor.
FLO: There's the glass walkway over to the northbound café on the other side of the motorway.
THE DOCTOR: We'll need to block that up somehow.
PAT: You believe us?
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
PAT: We've just told you that there's huge fanged bear-like creatures out there in the snow, and you believed us. You didn't laugh, you didn't question, you just believed us.
THE DOCTOR: Of course.
PAT: I'm not sure *I* would.
THE DOCTOR: You wouldn't believe half of the things I've seen.
(Stylophone playing.)
TRISHA TOMORROW: Tommy, leave that for now. Come on, Lucie, me and Tommy will come with you to this glass bridge thing.
LUCIE MILLER: Right you are.
THE DOCTOR: Take care, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: We will. See yer.
(Walking off.)
TRISHA TOMORROW: See yer.
THE DOCTOR: Wouldn't wanna be yer.

LUCIE MILLER: Here we are. Stairway to Heaven. Come on, we'd better start climbing.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Wait.
LUCIE MILLER: What for?
TRISHA TOMORROW: My brother.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, we can't mess about. They might have got in already.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Tommy, come on! Oh, he's always dawdled. All his life.
LUCIE MILLER: How can we barricade a whole glass tunnel?
TRISHA TOMORROW: This is just weird. You go on like it's normal.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, I've got used to weird stuff lately. Trish, did that woman seem familiar to you?
TRISHA TOMORROW: Who? The one serving?
LUCIE MILLER: No, the one in all the leathers.
(Walking over.)
LUCIE MILLER: She puts me in mind of someone, only I can't think who.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Ah, I'd recognise her if she was famous.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. She's probably no-one.
TOMMY TOMORROW: We're all no-one, just little specks on this tiny world.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Tommy, stop it. You know I hate it when you talk like that.
(Stylophone playing.)
LUCIE MILLER: He's kind of right, though.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Maybe. But I've had enough of him going on like that, all cosmic and spooky. He changed. Ever since he started playing with that stupid thing!
LUCIE MILLER: What is it?
TRISHA TOMORROW: A Stylophone. It's like a little tiny piano thing, electronic. Bowie had one so of course Tommy has to have one too. It's what he writes all our songs on.
LUCIE MILLER: Tommy? Tommy, I really don't think it's a good idea to play that right now.
TRISHA TOMORROW: He's gonna write us a biggie, he says, then we can retire and take our Mam off to live in Barbados. He tells the fans, the songs, they come to him from space.
(TOMMY TOMORROW suddenly stops playing the Stylophone.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: They'll be here very soon.

(Movement in background.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Well Doctor, I've known some eccentric stars. Nancy Babcock reckoned her cat used to dictate all her lyrics to her. She was a creative genius, you see. You have to be very careful. You can't muck about with their muses.
THE DOCTOR: Quite. Er, here, you lot, help ... shifting these tables.
RON: What's all this about, mate?
THE DOCTOR: And you are?
RON: Ron, the roadie.
THE DOCTOR: Well, Ron the roadie, we need the barricade to be at least as tall as the doorway.
ARNOLD KORNS: And I am not about to strangle the golden goose as it were, but this lad, for all his genius, I think he's gone a bit off the deep end.
THE DOCTOR: Just a bit caught up in his daydreams, surely? A bit higher, Flo, that... that's it, that's it. Ron, could you give her a hand?
RON: Sorry, love.
FLO: Don't you "love" me.
ARNOLD KORNS: This is no good, you know. If we're jammed in here all night. I've got to get to London. Those two are on Top Of The Pops tomorrow.
THE DOCTOR: I don't think any of us will be going anywhere tonight.
ARNOLD KORNS: But Top Of The Pops. Do you realise how hard it is to get a new act on there?
THE DOCTOR: If you go out there tonight, the only thing you'll be on is The News.
ARNOLD KORNS: I thought you'd understand., being in showbiz.
THE DOCTOR: What?
ARNOLD KORNS: Well, the costume, the wig.
THE DOCTOR: This is quite sober where I come from.

(Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's a good gimmick Tommy, I'll give you that. Men from space talking to yer.
TOMMY TOMORROW: It's true.
(Walking stops.)
LUCIE MILLER: Wow. Here we are. Good view from up here. There's no traffic now on the motorway. Just the blizzard, us, and those ... things down there in the car park.
TOMMY TOMORROW: This is the best place to call them from. Out here. Suspended here.
(Stylophone playing.)
TRISHA TOMORROW: Tommy, put that thing down.
LUCIE MILLER: Wait. Trisha, look at his face.
TOMMY TOMORROW: It's talking to me, Trisha. They are communicating with me, again.
LUCIE MILLER: Who, Tommy? Who are you on about?
TOMMY TOMORROW: The Only Ones. They say they're going to make it through, this very night.
(Other sounds in the Stylophone, like faint voices.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on, can you hear it?
TRISHA TOMORROW: It's going haywire! Get it off him!
TOMMY TOMORROW: They've promised me. The Only Ones are coming.
LUCIE MILLER: Trisha, there's voices coming out of there.
(Ghostly female wailing voices, THE ONLY ONES)
THE ONLY ONES: We will be with you, Tommy. If you keep on this wavelength we will come to you.

PAT: That door's still secure, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Pat.
(Growling heard nearby.)
FLO: They're back.
THE DOCTOR: Where?
FLO: Just at the edge of the car park. See? Look.
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh. Oh, crikey.
THE DOCTOR: Magnificent, aren't they?
(Roaring and crashing from outside.)

ARNOLD KORNS: Oh! That's my Bentley! They're ripping it to pieces.
FLO: Yeah. They tried to do the same to my Mini.
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh!
FLO: Only got as far as the door before they came after us.
ARNOLD KORNS: Wha...
FLO: Having a good go at your Bentley, aren't they?
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh!
FLO: Really getting stuck in.
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh! Ohh!
THE DOCTOR: I think we'd all be well-advised to step back from the doors.
(Close growling. PAT gasps.)
ARNOLD KORNS: They're ... they're trying to get in. Doctor, what on Earth are those creatures?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know. They're like prehistoric mammals, but not of this world.
ARNOLD KORNS: Eh ... what ... get back you fool, get away from the glass.
THE DOCTOR: What are you doing here, hmm?
ARNOLD KORNS: Come away from there, Doctor, you ... you're making them madder.
THE DOCTOR: There's a reason, isn't there? There's a reason you're here.
(Growling of monster.)
THE DOCTOR: I wonder what it is.

TOMMY TOMORROW: This is everything we wanted, Trisha.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Oh Tommy, what have you done?
TOMMY TOMORROW: We wanted them to come to us. We sing our songs about them and hope they would come.
TRISHA TOMORROW: But they were just songs, Tommy.
TOMMY TOMORROW: No, Trisha. They were always more than that. This incursion is everything.
LUCIE MILLER: Incursion? Don't like the sound of that. Maybe we should get the Doctor.
TOMMY TOMORROW: I wanted the Universe to open up for me, and it did, Trisha. It proved to me that there's more. More than just this.

ARNOLD KORNS: I think they've retreated, them hairy things.
FLO: Yes, but for how long?
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah, I want to go out there, I ... I've got to check on my car.
THE DOCTOR: Arnold, it's in pieces. Sit down.
ARNOLD KORNS: No, I can't just give in.
PAT: Just once in your life, listen to someone properly.
ARNOLD KORNS: Who are you to talk to me like that?
PAT: I'll tell you who I am. Patricia Ryder. I'm the drummer from Methylated Spirits. You came to see us once, at a gig in Crowley on Sea. You laughed in our faces.
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah, I remember. You were absolutely dreadful.
PAT: We were ahead of our time, we were. But now we'll never know, will we? The band's gone up the bleedin' Swanee and you could've stopped it.
ARNOLD KORNS: Whoah, whoah, whoah, hang on love, I think I know a hit band when I see one...
THE DOCTOR: Do you mind? Honestly, human beings. Put you in a situation of dire peril and what do you do? Squabble about pop music. Now, let's get on. We've got to make this place secure.
FLO: What did you mean, "human beings"?
THE DOCTOR: Ah, Flo. Why don't you see if there's still power to the kitchen? We could all do with some tea and sausage sandwiches or something.
PAT: And if there's nothing in the freezer, we could eat that useless lump of a manager.
ARNOLD KORNS: Ah.
FLO: Not likely, dear. We do have some standards, you know.
(Walking off.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Look, I've had it up to here tonight, seeing my motor torn to bits, Top Of The bleedin' Pops going up the Swanee, that daft lad Tommy coming over all peculiar again.
THE DOCTOR: The Tomorrow Twins. Lucie. With all this excitement I nearly forgot.
PAT: The glass bridge.
THE DOCTOR: I'll fetch them. Stay here, don't do anything.

(Rushing off.)

(Running.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, Lucie, where are you. Oh Doctor, what were you thinking, she's just a kid.
LUCIE MILLER: Who's a kid?
(Running stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie. You're all right.
LUCIE MILLER: Just about.
THE DOCTOR: Trisha, Tommy, your manager's on the warpath.
TRISHA TOMORROW: He always is.
TOMMY TOMORROW: You're the Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: That's right. Did Lucie tell you about me?
TOMMY TOMORROW: No.
LUCIE MILLER: (at the same time) Yeah.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, right. Did you check the other side, is it secure?
LUCIE MILLER: Didn't even get that far. Tommy wouldn't leave this bridge. He went a bit strange with his ... what's it called, Trisha?
THE DOCTOR: Stylophone. I always wanted one of those. Brilliant.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Stay back.
LUCIE MILLER: I wouldn't touch it if I were you. There was voices or summat coming out of it.
THE DOCTOR: Voices? It's not meant to do *that*, is it, Tommy?
TOMMY TOMORROW: Go away.
THE DOCTOR: Come on then, Tommy, let's get back to the others. We'll have to find something to block this bridge.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Don't block the bridge. They have to come through.
THE DOCTOR: Not the big beasties, Tommy? We don't want *them* through, do we? Come on, back below. You should see what they've done to Arnold's car.
TRISHA TOMORROW: His car? He'll go crackers.

(Moving objects aside, RON grunting with effort.)
PAT: What are you doing, Ron? Ron.
RON: Shh! Keep it down, lady. I think those things have gone round the back. If I can make it to the van I can get help.
FLO: You're mad. You'll never make it.
RON: I've been in worse scrapes. You ever played Bangor?
PAT: Arnold, stop him.
ARNOLD KORNS: Stop him? Why? Who is he, anyhow?
PAT: It's Ron. He's a roadie for Contretemps.
FLO: He's trying to get to his van for help. It's suicide.
(Door opened. Howling wind from outside.)
RON: Put the kettle on loves, I'll be back soon.
PAT: Ron, get back in here!
(Door closed.)
PAT: Ron! Arnold?
ARNOLD KORNS: It's his decision. Maybe he'll make it.
(Growling, screams from RON.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Then again...
(Screaming and growling and biting.)
FLO: Oh my God!
PAT: Poor Ron.
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah, he's torn apart. Just like my Bentley, only less expensive to replace.
PAT: You're sick!
ARNOLD KORNS: Look - look, it was just a light-hearted remark intended to...
(Growling of creatures.)
FLO: Quick, quick! They're coming this way.
PAT: Pull the stuff back up! Hurry!
(Moving items back.)
PAT: You're inhuman you are, Korns.
ARNOLD KORNS: Eh?

PAT: See a man ripped apart like that and you care more for your car.
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah, my first chart-topper paid for that car. Ups-a-Daisy by the Four Colins, March Nineteen Sixty-Six.
(Walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: What happened?
LUCIE MILLER: What were those screams?
THE DOCTOR: One of our roadies is missing.
PAT: Missing? He got himself ripped to shreds out there.
THE DOCTOR: You let him go out?
ARNOLD KORNS: Well, you know roadies, Doctor, once they get an idea in their thick heads...
THE DOCTOR: You can always reason with people.
ARNOLD KORNS: No, no, I disagree. We live in a chaotic world. The best we can do is look out for ourselves.
THE DOCTOR: That's a pretty shameful philosophy.
PAT: Yeah Doctor, smack him one.
LUCIE MILLER: Well said.
THE DOCTOR: I don't think that would help matters. Flo, how's that feast coming? I've got some youngsters who need a hot cup of tea.
FLO: Things are brewing as we speak.

LUCIE MILLER: I can't believe how hungry I was. Is that bad, when people all around us are being gobbled up by monsters?
THE DOCTOR: It's the body's natural reaction to danger. Don't worry about it. Here, drink this.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm. Oh, hot!
(Cup put down.)
LUCIE MILLER: So, that rocker we found on the hard shoulder?
THE DOCTOR: Must have been killed by some kind of advance guard. The creatures were just starting to amass, around some kind of nexus point.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, we only just missed out on being the hors d'oeuvres, then.
THE DOCTOR: You could put it that way.
LUCIE MILLER: You do this a lot, don't yer?
THE DOCTOR: Hmm?
LUCIE MILLER: Danger, like this. It's one thing after another with you, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: I don't go looking for trouble.
LUCIE MILLER: But it finds you, somehow, every time.
THE DOCTOR: That's true enough.
LUCIE MILLER: And me. What a pair we make, eh? Still, I'm glad I met yer.
THE DOCTOR: I'm glad too. Now, give us a bite of that doughnut.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey!
(THE DOCTOR eating.)
THE DOCTOR: I want to get a look at that Stylophone of Tommy's. Do you think we can get it off him?
LUCIE MILLER: You'll be lucky, the way he clings onto it.
THE DOCTOR: It's important.

(Background chatter.)
TRISHA TOMORROW: Arnold, sit down, keep calm.
(ARNOLD KORNS sighs.)
TRISHA TOMORROW: Look, if you're going to sulk, I'll go and sit with Lucie and her friend.
ARNOLD KORNS: You will do nothing of the sort. I'm not letting you out of my sight. We'll wait till the storm calms and then we're out of here.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Don't tell me what to do, Arnold. You don't own me.
ARNOLD KORNS: Read your contract, Missy, I think you'll find I do.
(Stylophone playing.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Now, tell that brother of yours to come over here. Skulking in the shadows like that, it's not normal. And neither is this Doctor chap, if you ask me.
TRISHA TOMORROW: I think the Doctor's all right.
(Stylophone playing stops.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: The Only Ones say we shouldn't listen to the Doctor. He's bad.

(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Here's our dirty plates. That was great. Thanks, Flo.
FLO: What's your Doctor friend say? Can he get us out safe? My Mini's still in one piece out there, more or less.
PAT: I don't fancy going out there again. We almost copped it last time. More tea, Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: Cheers.
(Pouring out.)
LUCIE MILLER: You're gonna think I'm crazy, but ... have I met you before?
PAT: Me? Dunno, love. Most people just ignore me. Passed-over Pat, that's me.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. Pat. Pat Ryder?
PAT: Yeah.
LUCIE MILLER: Auntie Pat! You're my Auntie Pat, you are!
PAT: You what?
LUCIE MILLER: It's Nineteen Seventy-Four. Oh, if I'd been thinking straight I'd have realised right away. Auntie Pat.
PAT: You're not making sense, love.
LUCIE MILLER: Listen. You're in a band called Methylated Spirits. You're the drummer. You have a sister called Mary, blonde, works in Clarks the shoe shop.
PAT: That's all true. Hey, is this mind-reading?
LUCIE MILLER: I'm your niece. I'm Lucie.
PAT: I don't have a niece.
LUCIE MILLER: Brace yourself for this, Auntie Pat. It's a bit of a shocker. I come from the future. I've travelled in time with the Doctor. I've been plucked out of my own time stream.
PAT: You really mean it, don't you?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah.
FLO: Well, that explains a lot. Do you want a biscuit with that?

THE DOCTOR: Trisha, Tommy, all I want to do is help.
ARNOLD KORNS: Oi, Doctor, leave them kids alone. They're under exclusive contract to Arnold Korns Enterprises.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Are you going to get us out safe, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I shall do everything in my power, yes, but ... I need to understand more about what's happening, and I think Tommy can help us there.
TRISHA TOMORROW: You'll be lucky. He's in one of his trances.
THE DOCTOR: I see.
TRISHA TOMORROW: We thought he might be epileptic or a genius or something...
THE DOCTOR: Tommy? Will you talk with me?
TRISHA TOMORROW: They looked at him. Hospitals. They reckon he's like that...
THE DOCTOR: Tommy?
TRISHA TOMORROW: ...just 'cause he's sensitive. Well, I'm sensitive too...
TOMMY TOMORROW: They sing to me, Doctor. Music like no-one's ever heard on Earth. The music of the spheres.

PAT: Time travel? On the ring road round Bramlington?
LUCIE MILLER: Time and Space, Auntie Pat. Me and the Doctor can go anywhere. He's told me. The whole Universe is ours, and all of Time too.
FLO: Sounds exhausting.
PAT: The whole Universe? This is a madhouse.
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh) When I was little you always used to say, get out there, see something of life, Lucie, before you get all withered up and bored. Don't be like me, you said, make something of yourself.
PAT: I said that?
LUCIE MILLER: In the future. Make your life fabulous, that's what you said. I was your only niece. You never had any ... Oh.
PAT: What? What are you saying?
LUCIE MILLER: Nothing.
PAT: What am I in the future, seeing as you know so much about it?
LUCIE MILLER: You're...
PAT: What?
LUCIE MILLER: You're nothing, Auntie Pat. I mean - well, you're not a drummer or a star or

anything.
PAT: I'm nothing?
LUCIE MILLER: I mean, nothing out of the ordinary. You're just Auntie Pat.

ARNOLD KORNS: I've had enough of this. I'm not having these two badmouth me to you, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I suggest you go and sit down again, Arnold.
ARNOLD KORNS: Don't you tell me what to do. Now...
(TRISHA TOMORROW gasps.)
TRISHA TOMORROW: Arnold, you're hurting me.
ARNOLD KORNS: Stop twisting. I'm keeping a hold of you, and you're little brother there. You're coming with me.
THE DOCTOR: This is silly. Let her go, Arnold, you'll regret this.
ARNOLD KORNS: I will if they miss their appointment with stardom tomorrow, and nothing's going to interfere with that. Now, come on, through the kitchens.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Ow! You're breaking my wrist, you old get.
ARNOLD KORNS: Stop moaning. It's a mime performance anyway, so it won't matter what your fretwork's like. Now, come on. Tell your brother. Look sharpish.
(Stylophone noises and faint howling.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: They're singing to me, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: What are they saying to you, Tommy?
TOMMY TOMORROW: I can hear their voices.
ARNOLD KORNS: You keep on listening, Tommy. If them voices come up with another catchy number, we'll be laughing.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Leave go of me, Arnold. I mean it. You and me are finished. You're fired.
ARNOLD KORNS: Fired? I picked you two up and you were nothing. You were rubbish.
TRISHA TOMORROW: We still are nothing. We still are rubbish.

FLO: Still, look at her clobber, Pat. I've never seen fabric like that, have you?
(Door opened.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: Let go of my sister.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Please, Arnold, my fingers are going numb.
ARNOLD KORNS: You'll do as I say, the pair of you. And what I say is, we're leaving.
(Noise of knife.)
FLO: Put the knife down, pet.
PAT: You'll have someone's eye out.
LUCIE MILLER: And the rest. Hey, where's the Doctor?
(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm here. Stay right back. Don't crowd him. Don't do anything rash.
ARNOLD KORNS: There won't be time for rashness, Doctor. We're not staying here a second longer.
TRISHA TOMORROW: Please, Arnold, leave Tommy behind. You can take me. I'm not scared...
ARNOLD KORNS: I need both of you. Now you, old woman.
FLO: Old?
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah - give me your car keys.
FLO: It ... it's only a Mini. And the door's half off.
ARNOLD KORNS: Do I care? Chuck 'em over.
(Keys tossed over.)
THE DOCTOR: Arnold, you can't be serious about this. You've seen those things out there.
ARNOLD KORNS: I'm the star-maker, Doctor, I know what's right. Tommy, shift that fridge. Do it.
TOMMY TOMORROW: All right.
(Fridge moved.)
TRISHA TOMORROW: Just ... just let him do what he wants. I've seen him like this before.
THE DOCTOR: Arnold, don't.
ARNOLD KORNS: Now them doors, lad.
(Door opened to howling wind outside.)
ARNOLD KORNS: That's right. Now then, we're off to the big city, kids, to stardom.

(Walking out.)
PAT: Trisha!
TRISHA TOMORROW: (outside) Lucie!
PAT: Doctor, you've got to stop him. You can't let him just...
THE DOCTOR: You're right, I can't.
(Running off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Be careful, Doctor.
FLO: He must be nuts.

(Outside)
THE DOCTOR: Arnold! Get back inside, Arnold.
ARNOLD KORNS: Leave it, Doctor, we are going.
(TRISHA TOMORROW cries out, ARNOLD KORNS exclaims as monsters growl.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: Trisha, watch out!
THE DOCTOR: Oh no.
(Screams and protests.)
FLO: What's happening? Who has it got?
PAT: I can't see.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Trisha!
LUCIE MILLER: Trisha. It got Trisha.

(Stylophone playing.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: (echoed) None of what happens here matters. This is only planet Earth. She was just a human girl. Never mind, Tommy.

(Howling wind until door closed.)
PAT: You've not left her out there?
(Objects moved over to block the door again.)
FLO: Oh Pat, he was too late. Didn't you see?
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, you're not ... are you all right?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes. See to Tommy. He's withdrawn into himself. You...
ARNOLD KORNS: Well, I...
THE DOCTOR: You stupid man, she's dead now and it's your fault.
ARNOLD KORNS: I ... I just want...
THE DOCTOR: I almost left you out there by yourself to face those things alone.
ARNOLD KORNS: I was only thinking of them. Tommy and Trish. They ... they said ... they said they wanted stardom.
PAT: Let me at him. I'll teach him.
THE DOCTOR: No, Pat. He has to live with himself after this.
ARNOLD KORNS: Well, I just wanted ... I just wanted to help...
TOMMY TOMORROW: No! No!
(Rushing off, throwing door open.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, I told you to see to Tommy!
LUCIE MILLER: I was, he just ... Fine. I'll get him back for you.
(Racing off, opening door.)
THE DOCTOR: Sometimes I wonder why I bother with you lot at all.

(TOMMY TOMORROW sobs. Running over.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tommy! There you are. Are you all right?
TOMMY TOMORROW: (sobbing) She's gone. Trisha's gone.
LUCIE MILLER: I know, Tommy, I know. I'm sorry.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Sorry's no good. None of it's no good. Not without Trisha.
LUCIE MILLER: Come back to the kitchen. Talk to the Doctor.
TOMMY TOMORROW: That's no good either. The Only Ones say he's bad. He made Trisha die.
LUCIE MILLER: He was trying to save her, Tommy.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Same difference. What does any of it matter now? I was only doing it for her. She wanted to see the aliens too. She wanted to leave planet Earth as much as I did. I'm going.

LUCIE MILLER: Where?
TOMMY TOMORROW: Up there.
LUCIE MILLER: The bridge? But Tommy, no, it's not safe up there, the Doctor said...
TOMMY TOMORROW: They can bring her back. They have powers, don't they? They can do anything.
(Running away.)
LUCIE MILLER: No, Tommy ... come back!

ARNOLD KORNS: Oh! Oh, my leg.
FLO: Hey, are you all right?
PAT: Ignore him, Flo. He's just trying to deflect our attention.
FLO: No, he's really hurt, Pat. His leg's all cut up. Ooh! Looks like a plate of beef stew. What do you reckon, Doctor? Amputate?
ARNOLD KORNS: No pl... look, have you ... have you got some codeine?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, just give him something. He'll keep on otherwise. Look in Lucie's bag.
FLO: Is this it? Nice colour.
THE DOCTOR: There'll be Ibuprofen in the front pocket.
(Bag zip opened.)
THE DOCTOR: She had a tension headache earlier coming through the vortex.
FLO: Ibu what?
THE DOCTOR: They're like codeine only better.
(Rummaging in bag.)
FLO: Oh. What's this funny-looking little gizmo?
PAT: Let me see.
THE DOCTOR: I think I'd better go after Lucie and Tommy, he's unstable. Will you two be okay with Arnold?
PAT: This thing, Doctor. It's from the future, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. It's Lucie's MP Three player.
PAT: I thought Lucie was having a laugh, but it's true, isn't it? You're from the future. And this - this is a future thing, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, it's a future thing. Lucie's a future thing, and I'm most definitely a future thing. We came here to help. Some good we're doing.
PAT: I've seen nowt like it.
THE DOCTOR: You will.
FLO: You two came back to this night especially. You knew something was going to happen. Bad things like this.
THE DOCTOR: Sort of.
FLO: Could you have stopped them?
ARNOLD KORNS: Look, can I have those pills or not? I know you don't think much of me...
PAT: Shut up, you. Or I'll zap you with this Empty Three player.
THE DOCTOR: That's it. Pat, Flo, I'm getting the first glimmering of a workable idea, but I'll need you two to help me. And most of all, we'll need this.
(Stylophone noise.)
FLO: What's that you've got?
THE DOCTOR: It's Tommy's Stylophone. I managed to get it off him as we came back indoors.
PAT: It's just a kid's toy.
THE DOCTOR: We've not got long before he realises he's lost it. Flo, you can help me here. Pat, will you go after Tommy and Lucie. Check that they're all right.
(Running.)

TOMMY TOMORROW: The Only Ones promised they would come for us. Me and Trish. They would take us away into the Universe.
LUCIE MILLER: Why are they called the Only Ones?
TOMMY TOMORROW: Isn't it obvious?
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe I'm a bit thick.
TOMMY TOMORROW: The cosmos is a lonely place, devoid of life. Just us. The sad human race on our little rock, choking ourselves to death with greed and poison and hatred, and out there, the Only Ones.
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on, kiddo. That's what they told you? That they're the only aliens in the Universe? That's not true.

TOMMY TOMORROW: What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I'm no expert, I'm new to this game, but even I know there's millions and billions of life-forms out there, Tommy.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Y-you're lying.
LUCIE MILLER: The Universe is teeming with life. It's like the Trafford Centre on Boxing Day.
TOMMY TOMORROW: I don't believe you.
LUCIE MILLER: They've lied to you, Tommy.

(Stylophone testing noises while in the background metal objects being moved aside in a search.)
THE DOCTOR: He was tuning in to some pretty freaky frequencies, as one might say in Nineteen Seventy-Four.
FLO: What else was it you wanted, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: A funnel, metal it needs to be. Failing that, a colander. Not so good on account of all the holes.
(Stylophone testing noises.)
FLO: What are you going to do with all this stuff?
THE DOCTOR: I'll lash up something. If I can just set this Stylophone up the way Tommy has it.
ARNOLD KORNS: He plays with that thing for hours, same damn tune over and over again, drives me mad.
THE DOCTOR: Do you have a radio, Flo? Just an ordinary radio. I want to reverse its whatsit and make it a thingy.
FLO: Hang on, I'll get its back off.
(Moving radio.)
THE DOCTOR: Arnold?
ARNOLD KORNS: Yes, still here. Not dead yet.
THE DOCTOR: That tune Tommy plays. How does it go?
ARNOLD KORNS: You what?
THE DOCTOR: Sing it, man.
ARNOLD KORNS: I can't under stress like this.
THE DOCTOR: You need to remember this if it's the last thing you do.
FLO: Why is the exact tune important, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Just a hunch.
ARNOLD KORNS: (singing) Da-dee, da...
FLO: You think Tommy's summoned these aliens here with a tune?
THE DOCTOR: Extraordinary how potent cheap music is.
(ARNOLD KORNS still humming the tune.)
FLO: You know what's really out there, don't you? In space and that.
THE DOCTOR: I do, really, yes. Does that shock you?
FLO: Not much shocks me at my age, Doctor. I'm glad someone does know, actually.
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh...
FLO: Years ago, we thought we knew the lot. These days, I feel like we don't know anything.
THE DOCTOR: I have days like that too.
ARNOLD KORNS: I've got it. The tune. Now, wait. Let me concentrate. (Singing) Da-dee, da-da...

TOMMY TOMORROW: No. No, it's gone. He took it off me. He stole it!
LUCIE MILLER: What are you on about?
TOMMY TOMORROW: Your Doctor. Make him bring back my Stylophone.
(Running up.)
PAT: Oh, I've found you. You've got to get away from here. The Doctor says...
TOMMY TOMORROW: I'm not doing what he says!
PAT: Look, I know you've had a horrible shock, luvvie...
(TOMMY TOMORROW grunting, PAT gasp.)
PAT: What are you doing?
LUCIE MILLER: Tommy, let her go.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Not until you make the Doctor come here. Make him bring back my machine.
PAT: (gasps) I think he means it.
TOMMY TOMORROW: I do.

PAT: Oh, look at me. Attacked by some kid. No wonder I turn out to be nothing in the future.
LUCIE MILLER: I didn't mean nothing, Auntie Pat.
PAT: Don't call me that. I'm not your Auntie.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Stop talking. Do as I say.
LUCIE MILLER: I'll be back in a minute. Don't hurt her.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Do it! Now!

(ARNOLD KORNS singing while The Doctor is playing the same tune on the Stylophone.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Dee-dee, dee-dee...
FLO: What's happening? Anything?
(The low howling from the Stylophone starts.)
THE DOCTOR: Yes, it's beginning to work.
THE ONLY ONES: We will take you away. Nineteen Seventy-Four is no good. Bramlington City is no good. Come with us into space, Tommy.
THE DOCTOR: Creepy, aren't they?
(Running in.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tommy's gonna strangle Auntie Pat, up on that glass bridge.
THE DOCTOR: Auntie?
FLO: He's got Pat?
LUCIE MILLER: Watching his sister getting killed like that, he's gone over the edge. Oh, what's that horrible noise?
THE ONLY ONES: Now, let us come in.
(Louder rushing noise, windows smashing.)
FLO: Oh, my windows!
(Growling.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Doctor, those creatures, they're coming in!
THE DOCTOR: I think perhaps I was a bit too successful with that tune.
PAT: What are we going to do now?
ARNOLD KORNS: Listen, I'll try and hold them off. Go and save Tommy.
THE DOCTOR: Don't be stupid man, they'll tear you to shreds.
ARNOLD KORNS: That's no more than the critics have been doing for years. Now look, seriously Doctor, my leg is in a mess, I'll never make it. Might as well bow out gracefully.
THE DOCTOR: I misjudged you, Arnold.
ARNOLD KORNS: Oh, I doubt that, Doctor. Now go on, quick, before I lose me nerve.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, you two. Grab that stuff. Get up to the bridge.
FLO: Got it, Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Goodbye, Arnold, and good luck.
ARNOLD KORNS: Er, Doctor? Tell Tommy I'm sorry about Trish.
THE DOCTOR: I will. Goodbye.
(Rushing off.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Now, you great hairy louts, do you know who I am?
(Growling.)

(Running. ARNOLD KORNS cry in the background.)
PAT: Oh, poor Arnold.
FLO: What about the others? The roadies and that?
THE DOCTOR: It's the Stylophone they're after. Come on. Up here.
(Running.)
FLO: Hang on, Doctor. I'm twice your age.
THE DOCTOR: If only you knew.
(Growling in distance.)

(Walking over.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: You brought my machine?
THE DOCTOR: Let Pat go, Tommy.
TOMMY TOMORROW: You made it work.
THE DOCTOR: I did. Easy, really.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Give it here.
THE DOCTOR: If you give me Pat in exchange.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Have her. She's of no use to me. It's mine.

(Stylophone played.)
TOMMY TOMORROW: I'm Top Of The Pops. Trisha, I'm Britain's Number One.
(Eerie noise starts up.)
PAT: I'll fetch him such a slap, that lad.
LUCIE MILLER: Shh, Auntie Pat.
THE DOCTOR: Here they come.
FLO: Is it just me, or is it getting colder?
THE ONLY ONES: Tommy, we have come for you.
TOMMY TOMORROW: I knew you would. Welcome. Welcome to my world.
LUCIE MILLER: They're beautiful.
THE DOCTOR: They look pretty average to me.
PAT: I think they look like proper aliens, like at the pictures.
THE DOCTOR: Precisely. Wraithlike beauties, androgynous super-beings, just what you want in your alien visitors.
THE ONLY ONES: Oh it's you, Doctor. Hello.
THE DOCTOR: Know me, do you?
THE ONLY ONES: Only by repute.
LUCIE MILLER: They told Tommy that they were the only aliens in the Galaxy, that we were alone apart from them.
THE DOCTOR: Piffle.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Don't mock them, Doctor. They only want to come in peace. They bring love to planet Earth.
THE DOCTOR: Ask them what makes it worthwhile, coming to a place like this and befriending the natives.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Stop it, Doctor, you're spoiling it.
THE DOCTOR: They want something from you, Tommy.
TOMMY TOMORROW: They are my friends. They've come to take me away and show me the cosmos.
THE DOCTOR: I don't think that they are that benign. Ask them.
TOMMY TOMORROW: It's true, isn't it? You came here because you love me.
THE ONLY ONES: We came for that reason. And of course for the other reason.
LUCIE MILLER: The Doctor's right. You've been duped, Tommy. They probably want to take over the world or something.
THE ONLY ONES: This shabby dump? Don't flatter yourselves.
THE DOCTOR: Tell us what you *do* want.
THE ONLY ONES: Food. Something high in polyunsaturates, a good source of fibre, bursting with delicious adrenalin. Something that kicks and squirms as it goes down. Your teenage fans, Tommy, that's all we want of you, for those creatures, the ones you have already encountered, our corporeal selves.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, so that's it. Earth's merely a stop-off place for a quick bite to eat. A Motorway Services, in fact.
THE ONLY ONES: Mm, imagine. All those juicy young things in a state of absolute frenzy.
TOMMY TOMORROW: And Trisha? She meant nothing to you?
THE ONLY ONES: Who?
TOMMY TOMORROW: Trisha, my sister.
THE ONLY ONES: Hah! Hardly. It was you who created the music, Tommy. Only you are vital to our plans. Everyone else is simply fodder.
TOMMY TOMORROW: We were the Twins. The T... Tomorrow Twins. You can't have one without the other.
(Dropping to the ground.)
LUCIE MILLER: He's fainted, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Leave him be for now. Now, if you'll forgive me, it's time to break up the band. This might tingle a little.
(Noise like a Hoover.)
THE ONLY ONES: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: I'm changing you back into sound.
LUCIE MILLER: What, with that lash-up?
THE ONLY ONES: Impossible.
THE DOCTOR: Improbable, maybe, but not impossible. You came here surfing a wave of sound, but that sound wave can easily be transformed into a series of troughs by inverting the

output frequency and reversing the sequence of notes. It's a trick I learnt from Eno, actually. Anyway, the upshot is, that you'll be sucked down the funnel here as swiftly as a Genie into a lamp.
THE ONLY ONES: What funnel?
THE DOCTOR: This fu... Flo, where's the funnel? That was rather crucial to my whole alien-defeating scheme.
FLO: I forgot it.
THE DOCTOR: Ah.
(Machine turned off. THE ONLY ONES laugh.)
THE ONLY ONES: Oh, we shall enjoy devouring you, Doctor.
(Laboured breathing.)
FLO: Something's coming up the stairs, Doctor.
PAT: What now, Doctor?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, and it had better be good.
THE DOCTOR: We get ... eaten?
LUCIE MILLER: That's it?
THE DOCTOR: Er...
PAT: Here it comes!
ARNOLD KORNS: It's all right. It's only me.
ALL: Arnold!
ARNOLD KORNS: Thought I was dead, did you? Well, those monsters of yours don't care for a splash of hot chip fat, let me tell you. Anyhows, I thought I'd better bring you this.
FLO: My funnel.
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah. Saw you'd left it behind.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, well done, Arnold. Chuck it over.
(Thrown over.)
ARNOLD KORNS: Yeah, see? I can do something right.
THE ONLY ONES: To the glass bridge, my brethren. Devour them!
FLO: Get a shift on, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I'm doing my best, Flo.
(Distant growling of beasts.)
THE DOCTOR: Now, hold that down and with any luck the Only Ones will be sucked through this funnel and end up here.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, that's my MP Three!
THE ONLY ONES: You lie!
ARNOLD KORNS: Come on, Doctor, hurry! They're on the stairs.
PAT: They're coming up from the other end too.
LUCIE MILLER: We're surrounded.
THE DOCTOR: Hold your creatures back.
THE ONLY ONES: Why? They're hungry. We're hungry. We'll finish you off and then merge with Tommy and get stuck into his fan base.
THE DOCTOR: I can't allow that.
THE ONLY ONES: Oh, you can't stop us!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Switch it on, Flo. Do it now.
FLO: Who, me?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
(Growls, THE ONLY ONES cry, and erratic tune from the Stylophone.)
PAT: What's happening to the Only Ones? They're flickering.
ARNOLD KORNS: The creatures - they're fading too.
THE DOCTOR: Without control, they're nothing.
LUCIE MILLER: You've done it, Doctor. You're sending them all away.
(THE ONLY ONES cry, then whirring of a motor sound dies down.)
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, that's better. Looked a bit nasty there for a second.
LUCIE MILLER: Where did they go?
THE DOCTOR: There. Trapped forever on shuffle mode.
(Bleeps of MP3.)
THE DOCTOR: Isn't technology amazing.
LUCIE MILLER: Er - I'm not sure I fancy carrying those monsters around with me.
THE DOCTOR: Might come in handy. Just don't play that track. Ever.

PAT: So, in the future, I suppose you do this kind of thing a lot?
LUCIE MILLER: A fair bit, yeah.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Oh ... what ... What have you done to my dreams?
THE DOCTOR: Oh dear. He's not going to be very happy.
FLO: Serves him right. Little devil.
ARNOLD KORNS: No, leave him to me. I know all about disillusioned youth.
TOMMY TOMORROW: Where did they go? Why did they leave me? What's going to happen now?
ARNOLD KORNS: Hey, not bad lyrics for a song, eh Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I've heard worse.
ARNOLD KORNS: I've released worse! Come on, Tommy. Let's get you downstairs.
(Walking off.)
FLO: I suppose they'll be wanting something hot to drink after all tonight's coming and goings. I'd better get down to see to it.
THE DOCTOR: You saved the world, you know, Flo.
FLO: What else is new? Take care, Doctor.
PAT: Lucie? I'd better go give her a hand. Bye, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Goodbye, Pat.
PAT: Bye ... niece.
LUCIE MILLER: Bye, Auntie.
(Walking away.)
THE DOCTOR: Come on. I think it's time we were leaving too.
(Walking off.)

LUCIE MILLER: Storm's lifting.
THE DOCTOR: He really wanted to go with them, you know, Tommy. He thought they'd take him to see the Universe.
LUCIE MILLER: Silly boy.
THE DOCTOR: Is that a bad thing to want? Would you turn your nose up?
LUCIE MILLER: Of course I wouldn't.
THE DOCTOR: If someone offered to show you the cosmos.
LUCIE MILLER: I think that would be okay, actually.
THE DOCTOR: Good. Shall we go?
LUCIE MILLER: And leave all this mess? Who will they say caused all this?
THE DOCTOR: Hell's Angels, probably.
(LUCIE MILLER laugh. Walking off in snow.)
THE DOCTOR: I almost joined the Hell's Angels once, did I ever tell you?
LUCIE MILLER: No.
THE DOCTOR: The Martian chapter. (Fading) Of course, it was all an elaborate ruse. Jamie and Zoe and I...

(Pans moving.)
FLO: Something about crisis makes me starving. Another bacon sandwich, Pat?
PAT: Oh, please. Look. Dawn over the motorway.
FLO: Perfect snow. Beautiful. Nothing to disturb it. You think the Doctor and Lucie will want summink too?
PAT: They've gone. My niece, and I wanted to ask her all kinds of things.
FLO: Perhaps it's for the best, eh?
PAT: Maybe.
FLO: The future's a funny old place, I reckon.
(Four knocks at the door.)
PAT: What's that? If it's them things...
FLO: They've all gone. It'll be the coppers - late.
(Walking over. Door opened.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Hello. I'm looking for a Ms Lucie Miller. I believe she's been here?
PAT: Who are you?
THE HEADHUNTER: I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to say.
FLO: Well, I'm afraid you've missed her, love. They've been and gone. We don't know where.
THE HEADHUNTER: I see.

PAT: Was it important?
THE HEADHUNTER: It's vital I get to her.
PAT: Well, I won't see her for years yet, her and her funny friend.
FLO: They've gone off travelling again, and God only knows where they'll be by now.